

SMOCKS, APRONS AND ALL TO MAKE GARDENING THE NEW FAD

(Special to the Yana Daily Examiner)
New York, June 9, 1915.

"What is so rare as a day in June,
When earth tries heaven if it be in
tune?"

So thinks the girl who gathers up her gaily painted sprinkling pot, her shears, her basket and her kneeling pad, and trudges off to the garden to enjoy an hour or two of solitude and intimate association with the sunshine and flowers. It is quite a fad—this pottering among your own posies; a phenomenon one might call it, wherein the artistic finds expression in paraphernalia which blends with the landscape.

The shops abound with gay importations, smocks, bonnets and aprons, to tempt those who tarry within the garden gate. The smocks in themselves are enough to turn one to rakes, spades and garden baskets. I am told the fad originated in England; certainly, it is charming enough to belong to old Brittany. This garment has much the appearance of a middy, grown to greater length coming just below the knee, being slashed to slip on over the head. Usually it is made with set-in sleeves and yoke, and smocked front and back, and on the pockets and sleeves. For the most part, linen, unbleached muslin, cretonne and silk are used in the making.



A Smock of Blue Linen for the Woman On Gardening Bent

All a garden, with cockle-shells and silver bells, needs is a Mistress Mary, quite contrary in one of these fetching garden smocks. Can you picture anything more charming than a bright-eyed girl in a blue smock, white hat, skirt and shoes, among the roses in an old garden? Perchance, there is a woven wicker basket on a cane, stuck

in the ground to hold the poses, and a few plant-sticks, with parrots, cardinals, and bluebirds perched on top, scattered among the flowers to make the picture painted by nature quite complete. Just looking at a yellow linen smock, with flowered cretonne collar, hat and skirt to match, brings to mind an old-fashioned garden with its straight rows of bachelor buttons, lady slippers and hollyhocks. So it goes that there is a smock for every garden, and no garden is complete without one.

Watching passing events, the shopkeeper concludes that all the world is a garden, and straightway fills his window with giddy wheelbarrows—all painted with flowers; green basket kits with English tools; smocks apron and a thousand and one things suggesting neatness, care and comfort for garden work. There was a garden set offered the other day in one of the shops, for \$12 complete, consisting of a flat, boat-shaped basket of brown wicker, fitted with shears, a collapsible ruler, grubber marker, rake brown burlap kneeling-pad, and an apron of the brown burlap. In fact, all the tools now come light in weight to fill the requirements of the woman gardener; and the fixtures in bright colors, to catch the eye.

A Belgian who keeps a shop in the down-town section of the city, made a name for himself in the early season by introducing the garden-sticks; these are wooden canes pointed at one end with figures of animals, people, and flowers on the top, to stick in the ground and tie the plants to. A maiden all forlorn stands side by side with the man all shaven and shorn; for \$2.50 the pair will hold up your pet rose bush all summer, or keep the golden-glow in order. A black cat back humped, and tail skyward, is another familiar figure on the sticks, and Bluebirds, and red cardinals, make bright spots in green shrubbery. And some importations have Dutch wind-mills on top and an expensive stick has a fairy gracefully poised on a toadstool. One man has even gone so far as to use bonny rabbits in place of the birds, and an ingenious friend ties on the gift card:

"Standing in your garden trim,

May the plant-stick straight and tall
In the warm sun,

By its brightness gladden all."

No need, however, to rely wholly on the sticks for color. Bamboo baskets for weeds and knees, are made bright with cushions of figured cretonne; the kneeling-pad of woven rush is bound with red tape, that it, too, may have the spirit of the sunshine and flowers; and baskets are enamelled and painted with roses buttercups and daffodils. Even aprons take on a gala day aspect, being made of chintz, cretonne, or quaint, checked, pink gingham.

The woman who makes gardening her summer pastime may even go farther and select the dress she wears with the apron to harmonize with the



A Dress of Brown Linen to Wear with
Garden Apron of Cretonne

grass, flowers and doveote. A brown burlap or dark blue linen will give the desired effect, made with plain waist, full skirt and the broad organdy collar and cuffs that we have come to call Quaker. She will have no trouble in finding these accessories. The sports shops must have anticipated the craze for there are hats, gloves, and shoes, galore for the purpose. First come the peanut straws and the cane-bottom chair hats, with floppy brims to protect the wearer from the sun. These are trimmed with a rosette of cretonne to match the smock, or apron, a velvet bow or a cluster of straw flowers. Then there are yoke shapes and sunbonnets with streamers of cretonne which have taken their style from a peep in a 1915 fashion book; but the Chinese coolie hats are

the novelties of the season. With the streamers attached to the side, milady can wear the plateau on her head, or when the sun is yet in the East, use it as a basket to carry her flowers.

Since gloves must be worn to protect the hands, the stores are showing chamois and canvas for this purpose and if you listen close, you will hear the girl behind the counter tell each customer in a bored voice to buy a size larger than they usually wear. It is easy to tell that this girl, too, has been caught in the thrall of the gardening craze, and is thinking, no doubt, of larkspur and roses, instead of the gloves her customer wants.

Garden etiquette ever reaches the shoes. White canvas is the approved material, and you may have a comfortable flat sneaker or trim pump, with medium heel in this fabric. With such settings, fittings and clothes, gardening becomes more than a mere pleasure. It now is a real sport of the summer; when you meet a friend, it's not how many miles have you motored, or how many tournaments won; but how does your garden grow since the last drought, rain or storm of the season?

O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O
O Opportunity is ever worth ex- O
O pecting; let your hook be ever O
O hanging ready. The fish will be O
O in the pool where you least im- O
O agine it to be.—Ovid. O
O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O

When a man is sincerely penitent for his misdeeds, and gives satisfactory evidence of the same, he can safely be pardoned.— Abraham Lincoln.

One of Yuma's successful business men said to the Examiner today:

'Tis better to have bid and lost.

Than to sell a bid at less than cost;

And better still, not bid at all.

Than sell a bill and lose it all.

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